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IN SEARCH OF A CREED.

4.—THE UNITARIANS.

DEAR SPHINX,—From my long silence you will have probably concluded that I have already found a creed. But the fact is it is impossible to have any doubts in this hot weather. I did go to church on one of the hottest of recent Sundays, but it was a punishment worthy of an after-life. No creed could have any consolation amid my sufferings of that morning. My last letter to you was on the subject of that Indian Deism which stole from Christianity all its nobility, while it repudiated its parentage. I determined to examine the va'ue of English Deism or Unitarianism, which professes to be Christianity widened into a religion of the intellect. And in order that I might impart to this study the scope which its rational character deserved, I decided to attend two chapels as opposite to one another in character as possible.

In that elegant part of Fallowfield which is like the Grecian Bend of the Oxford road, and almost hidden beneath the trees of Platt, there is a small chapel which looks like a paradise of modesty and sweetness. There, I thought, is the very obscurity I seek—a handful of pleasant worshippers, and a pastor who will not clothe the nakedness of Unitarianism in the meretricious costume of oratory and epigram. The interior encourages this charming idea. Cool, sea-green tints and plain old pews, cushioned for contemplation and footstooled for prayer, soothed me to a state of pleasant benevolence. I felt a good-will for all men, and even did not despise a small young man in very light tweed, with dainty kid boots and lavender gloves, who was dallying with a silver-topped cane. The light, as it fell through the unstained windows, was not mellowed to pious softness by ruby-tinted St. Pauls or sapphire-vestured Virgins, but took its tone of quietness from the thick green foliage of old elms. Apart from the music, the simplicity, not to say severity, of the service, suggested the Presbyterian model which grimly wooed the youth of the edifice, but which died of its own austerity and too much strait-lacing. The liturgy consisted merely of an absence of all set forms. A familiar and unpoetical hymn or two, simply sung or more simply chanted, was varied by extempore prayers.

But, Mr. Sphinx, does not this parsimony of ritual, while seeking to escape from the spiritual death of monotonous, and therefore vain repetitions, seem to fall into the contrary extreme of leaving a congregation at the mercy of its pastor for the utterance of its deeper wants? Am I, sir, to depend on what may be intellectual beggary, spiritual vulgarity, or unrhetorical self-confidence, for not only the expression and shape of the aspirations which community of worship inspires, but for the very aspirations themselves? It is the beauty of a litany that it gives to an assembly, which is touched with the same emotions, and craves for the same consolations, a unity of petition as well as a unanimity of sentiment. I do not deny that the select handful of worshippers in Platt Chapel may have had all their yearnings expressed, their common spiritual wants uttered by their pastor. Their yearnings may be as few, their wants as select, as they themselves were that Sunday morning. To them the rhetoric of his prayers may be beyond the consolations of all litanies. But never did I more keenly feel the need of a litany, however rude, or more decisively miss the sense of community of worship. You will, perhaps, complain that I am beginning to preach myself, instead of showing what Unitarianism has to offer. It offered, through the medium of this one of its spiritual stipendiaries, a solemn and desirable thing—the peace of God. It is difficult to criticize the arguments of one who plainly said that mere intellectual attainments are worthless, and who himself sets the example of despising them. Yet he made the peace of God depend mysteriously on a study of the revelations of science. He began by dashing through the solar system like an embarrassed comet. In the intercomplexities of stellar revolutions, and the incomprehensible vastness of space, he so lost himself and his sentences, that I believe he made the sun go round the moon, while the earth lit the way. I could not help putting into my own mouth the words of Sampson Brass, in the *Old Curiosity Shop*: "And this the world that turns upon its own axis, and has lunar influences, and revolutions round heavenly bodies, and various games of that sort." His idea of the revelations of science is looking at the roots of a buttercup through a pocket-microscope, or rising to rhapsody over a dewdrop glistening on a fern-leaf. "The fact," said he, "that the world is governed by law, and not by chance, is sufficient to sustain us in the bitterest trials." This fact may be sufficient to cheer the bitterest trials of those to whom mere intellectual attainments are worthless. It may be sufficient to sustain the pastor and people of Platt Chapel. But there are some to whom intellectual attainments are not worthless, and there are some who require a higher basis of consolation in their trials than what could only sustain the colossal faculties of a Voltaire, a Pope, or a Steinthal. As he emphasized the words of the farewell blessing—"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding"—I could not but think that it certainly passed his.

I was not satisfied with this aspect of the Unitarian creed. I therefore sought the less obscure chapel in Strangeways, where I found that intellectual attainments are not despised, that the worshippers were more than a handful, and that both oratory and epigram rewarded their attention. On my way I had to force myself past the harsh, iron crash of the Cathedral bells, to the ponderous dissonance of which the whole vicinity jarred. I wondered whether a more savage blare of noise than this summons to Christian worship had ever preluded the festivals of Mumbo Jumbo or Juggernaut. It was a relief to pass out of the noise into quietude—out of the glare of brick and gay colours, into the influence of quiet, soft tints and unobtrusive architecture. The shock to my nature died away as I listened to the music of hymn, chant, and voluntary. I feel bound to say that the prayers of the Rev. Brooke Herford left me no regret for the absence of a set liturgy or formulated spiritual petitions. His prayers, however imperfect, were an extemporaneous litany, that expressed, so far as they went, at least some of humanity's wants and aspirations. And so easily, so quickly, and yet with such apparent fulness, did he pass from praise to prayer, and from exhortation to consolation, that I was astonished at the close to find the service had lasted but one hour, and not two.

Too often the frivolities and the gay demureness of Vanity Fair at church are the only sermon that arrests one's attention. Showy toilets, gaudy bonnets, choice gloves, and exquisite scents, too often are the only oblations, the only incense offered to the Almighty in the house devoted to Him. But short as was Mr. Herford's discourse, he allowed Vanity Fair to point not a single moral; permitted no thoughts other than he himself willed. His strength lies rather in the power of striking ideas, not unseldom wedded to mastery of expression, rather than in the graces of eloquence. Yet I am sure he could be warmed to enthusiasm by a great subject. On this occasion he flashed a strong light on secret iniquities. Although he avoided the use of conventional rhetoric or the theologic vocabulary of solemn threats, or still more solemn promises, yet the temptation to the artifice of metaphor was at times too strong. One can pardon melodrama in the pulpit only when well done. The illustration borrowed from the smoothness of the current above Niagara came upon me like an old friend. He added, also, one more to those who have missed the point, in the apologue of the Spartan boy who stole a fox. He accordingly misapplied it.

Had I not known that I was in a place of Unitarian worship I should never have detected it either by the service or the sermon. Mr. Herford seemed to me more Christian than many Christians, just as many orthodox Protestants have often seemed to me more Unitarian than Unitarians. I am rapidly convincing myself that fundamentally there is not so much difference after all in men's religions. Men are worshipful animals—the difference lies in the object of their worship. The complex splendour of Rome, the severity of Geneva, and the mildness of Unitarianism have alike a ritual of prayer and praise—the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ, and the One True God, are their several adorations. The Unitarians will have no revealed, no incarnate, Deity. The Theory of Unitarian development is one of successive deifications of human reason. Yet they honour Jesus Christ with a mystic reverence. He is

in their view so truly human as therefore to be almost divine. Unitarianism is merely Christianity without Christ—robbing him of all the accumulated divinity with which St. Paul and a thousand years of theology have invested him. It leaves him nothing but a cold, historical honour. On their ideal Deity they lavish the combined attributes and functions of a merciful Christ and a just Jehovah. This Deism is only a religion of the intellect, in so far as it leaves every man's own intellectual conscience to cull what it thinks fit. It is a compromise between human pride and human weakness. The epicure in religions may find its subtle, accommodating creed well-adapted to his refinement and his educated taste. Too proud or too dilettante to accept the religion of faith and of poverty, which has civilized the world, he weds philosophy to theology, and from this miscegnation breeds a belief which faintly reflects both without being either. The graces of learning, the ripeness of scholarship, and the fervour of prophetic instincts, which characterize the several Unitarian leaders in Manchester, may attract wealth, refinement, and education to their houses of worship—they may set up a cold aristocracy of religion; but they can never win the warmer masses of humanity. They will be the more successful the more they give to Unitarianism those warmer elements of Christianity, of which it has now but the thin, unsubstantial, and frigid reflex.—I am, dear Sphinx, yours, &c.,

PYRRHO.

THE MOSS SIDE AND FALLOWFIELD BOWLERS.

BOWLS, as a game, has several distinct advantages of its own amongst out-door amusements. It shares with cricket all the pleasurable sensations resulting from open-air exercise on light elastic turf. But the delights of cricket, including therein the chance of a broken head and the certainty of bruised limbs, are somewhat violent. However suited for youthful muscles and lungs, matrimony or middle-age tempers enthusiasm, and a few years not unfrequently transforms the "crack" batter into a "duffer," incapable of defending his wickets against the first straight ball. With bowls this is different. The approach of staid and respectable middle-age only heightens the players' eagerness. Hence it is not surprising to find that, amongst the most respectable and popular institutions of Fallowfield and Moss Side, by no means an humble place is filled by their respective Bowling Clubs. Both clubs have large and well-kept grounds, which, besides affording ample scope for the game, are splendidly adapted for lounging, gossiping, and smoking during the evenings and Saturday afternoons of midsummer The two clubs are somewhat similar in constitution and general arrangements, and, being to some extent neighbours, have, not unnaturally, conceived the idea of measuring strength. The first game took place on the Fallowfield green, and last Saturday afternoon witnessed the return match at Moss Side.

After successfully passing the barriers which hid the delights of the place from unhappy and longing outsiders, a pleasant scene is disclosed. The walks surrounding the large square of greensward, which forms the battle-ground of the afternoon, are bordered on two sides by brilliant flower-beds. A pavilion thronged with members, and a tent to be made very useful later, are on another side; and two croquet lawns, with the flowers natural thereto, are other prominent features in the landscape. The walks and seats are occupied by interested spectators, watching the game carefully, and encouraging or criticising, but with discretion, for they are earnestly warned by printed notices not to allow themselves to be overcome by their feelings. On the green itself the mimic strife has already begun, Fallowfield starting with a previous defeat to wipe off; Moss Side endeavouring to prevent such a consummation, and at the same time to add a second triumph to their previous success. The game is divided into two parts. First, the players work in couples, two Fallowfield gentlemen meeting two of Moss Side. As each quartett of players finishes, the score of each pair is put down, and at the conclusion of this set of games the respective totals are calculated. Then a new beginning is made, but this time the opponents meet singly. The new total thus arrived at is added to the former one, and the side which makes the greater final score counts the victory. The green presents a wonderfully animated appearance. Of course there is room for several sets of players at one and the same time. Probably there are something like forty eager and perspiring gentlemen trundling their bowls, with a frantic earnestness which renders them quite oblivious for the time of bad debts, falling markets, and all other unpleasant phenomena incident to Manchester business or professional life in these times.

Every energy of mind and body, all strength of hand and eye, are brought into use by each player in trying to place his bowl as closely adjacent as possible to the jack. Attached to each set of players are two others, who appear to act in the combined capacity of scorers and umpires. After each delivery they compare notes in a grave fashion, which proves that they have fully realised the solemnity of the occasion. They come out strong in the event of a disputed distance, measuring the ground to the minutest fraction of an inch. It is no violation of etiquette for these gentlemen to shout intelligence across the green decisive of important questions like "Who's in?" "Is there room?" "How far off?" and so forth. Neither are they above showing encouragement to the successful by proper acknowledgment of skill in the delightfully intelligible phrase "Good wood, Sir!" Doubt or sorrow are expressed by such mysterious statements as "Can't pull;" "Bad strength." The game allows, almost to as great an extent as cricket, for the development of every shade of individuality of style. There were reckless players who overwhelmed themselves with confusion by knocking partners out of good positions, or opponents out of bad ones, and dashing players who, where every chance seemed lost, saved the end by taking the jack in their last throw. One cautious Fallowfield gentleman, Mr. Brougham (we will say), who on ordinary days may be found in the vicinity of St. Peter's Church, when his partner seemed quite safe apart from accident, deliberately played into position only a few feet away, but in such a manner that the remaining opponent was effectually blocked. So play went on with varying success. At times Fallowfield gained a few points, only to have their advantage snatched from them again. For the whole time the result of the first part of the game was uncertain. Thus, while two Moss Side champions scored 11 to their opponents' 1, others had lost as many as they gained. Though frantic gentlemen diligently trotted about and professed to know that their side "was three ahead," nothing could be with certainty decided till the end. Then we joined in an excited rush to the pavilion, where the full score was posted, to discover that the result so far was a tie, each side having scored 73.

A very short interval was judiciously applied to mental congratulation and individual refreshment. Within the pavilion were various lockers, supposed to be sacred to the stowing away of bowls. Thanks to the good-natured introduction of a friend, we were enabled to discern that, on this occasion at least, some of them contained garnishments more attractive. We shall never feel hot and thirsty again without remembering with gratitude locker No. 7, and its hospitable owner. With little waste of time, and eagerness only whetted by the closeness of the recent fray, the combatants were again hard at it. This time the battles were fought singly, and each player had consequently an increased responsibility, as no longer having a partner on whom to throw the discredit of defeat. The intense earnestness of the players had in it something half comic and half painful. To watch the gloomy face and cheerless bearing of good players temporarily labouring under disadvantage, could only suggest disasters of a terrible kind. One well-known Moss Side player, whom we will, as a neat and impenetrable disguise, dub Mr. Colne, who had helped to win the double game triumphantly, was opposed in the single one by a younger but skilful antagonist, and for a time lost ground. His look of heart-rending misery would have touched the most unsympathetic of mortals. We are happy to be able to chronicle that, though closely pressed, he finally won the game, and in a fit of rhapsodic happiness made an abortive attempt to deliver a speech during tea. By some mischance he lost his balance, and was left in the tent struggling amongst the crockery. During play, attitudinizing of a curiously abnormal character was freely indulged in. Could the effects have been fixed in a series of instantaneous photographs, they would have been infinitely amusing. Some, after throwing, stood still and stiff, but followed each turn of the slowly rolling wood with strange contortions of the facial muscles. Some stepped out a yard or two, then halting, writhed and twisted in a way suggestive of very severe internal spasms; others started immediately after the ball, and, toddling excitedly after it on tip toe, kept within a few inches till the jack was reached. Then they went back, with a countenance

jovial or dolorous according to their success. The game rapidly progressed with varying fortune, but on the whole tending to the success of Moss Side. There was some moderate, much good, and not a little excellent play on both sides. In the end fortune proved herself less fickle than usual, and Fallowfield suffered a second defeat. As we have said the former part of the game ended in a tie; on the single game Moss Side scored 119, to Fallowfield 100; and thus won the match by 19 points, and reversed the order of detail of the previous match in which Moss Side scored 76 to 60 in the double, but lost 6 points in the single game, thus winning by 10. The contest throughout had been of the most amicable character, and this fraternal affection reached a crisis at tea. There the genial Secretary of the Moss Side Club seemed positively grieved that Fallowfield had lost and Moss Side won; at least he expressed such a sentiment, and thereby carried generosity to an extreme limit. In justice to the sincerity of some of the hearers we ought to say that the statement did not meet with universal approval; nor could it have been expected that it should.

We have left till the last one of the pleasantest features in the after-afternoon's proceedings. No monopoly of the place seems to be desired by the gentlemen or allowed by the ladies. Many ladies were present as spectators, and doubtless were very competent critics. The lawns sacred to croquet were liberally patronised as long as the hoops could be distinctly seen, and in some cases a little longer. An attempt on our part to play demonstrated, in the clearest possible manner, a lamentable deficiency in our early education, or a want of natural ability for this newest of the fine arts. Anyway, we were constantly coming to ignominious grief, and were severely taken to task by a clever opponent for what appeared to be considered a heinous offence, to wit: "spooning." The far-off vision of a certain charming young lady in blue would have been a sufficient excuse for us to share the sentiments of one of Mr. Robertson's school girls. Though we did not spoon, we "should have liked to."

HADDON HALL.

CONSIDERING how rapidly the journey can be performed now to Buxton and along the Valley of the Wye, compared with the time, not many years ago, when the trains only ran as far as Whaley Bridge, it is not to be wondered that that district of Derbyshire lying between Buxton and Rowsley should have become very popular for short excursions of two or three days, or even only for one long day. There are few localities in which the class of scenery is so varied and the distances from place to place so convenient for moderate walking. For instance, nothing could be pleasanter than the walk along the coach road from Buxton to Bakewell, a distance of about 12 miles, through the wild and characteristic Valley of the Wye, which is quite as beautiful as, though less praised than, the celebrated Dove Dale; while for a change, another but longer way might be taken on the return, through Eyam, of "Plague" notoriety, and through a gaunt and curious village called Stony Middleton. We propose now, however, to pass directly on to Bakewell by rail, and from thence to start on foot for Haddon Hall, Rowsley, and Chatsworth, mentioning whatever of interest or worthy of record may be seen on the way, but of course leaving all cataloguing of minor details to the many matter-of-fact Guide Books that are to be had anywhere in the neighbourhood.

It is a strange fact, but true, that the public treat Bakewell rather unfairly. They seem never to stay in it one minute longer than they can possibly help; they will eat and drink at the desolate-looking Rutland Arms, and a few, urged by a spirit of curiosity, will, perhaps, explore the church; but for the most part, the greatest anxiety is shown to "get on" to Haddon, or Chatsworth, or Rowsley, or anywhere; stay in Bakewell they will not. Yet the walks and drives in the neighbourhood are equal to any in the more favoured localities, while, from its size, there should be plenty of accommodation for visitors. The church should certainly never be passed by, for it is seldom in a country town that the building representing the Catholic Church as by law established, can show anything so interesting and unique as the little corner called the Vernon Chapel. It is a nook railed off from the body of the church, and filled with effigies of members of the Vernon and Manners families, carved in the habits as they lived, and so tinted that the colour of hair, eyes, and complexion, may even be ascertained: and though the sculpting be somewhat rough, there is a remarkable likeness carried out between the brothers and sisters represented. That this is not accidental may be assumed from a comparison of the features of a cast in the Ball Room of Haddon Hall, of the head of one of the ladies, Manners or Vernon, we forget which, with the monument to her in this Vernon Chapel. And it must be remembered that the monument was placed by herself sometime before her death, while the cast in the hall was taken just after death. After hearing all the facts about the marble knight in armour and others, told at length by the clerk who shows the church, the hunter of epitaphs may amuse himself for some time in the churchyard. One inscription there is especially delicious, and seldom quoted. As far as we remember it runs thus:—

> The vocal powers here let us mark
> Of "Philip", our late parish clerk.
> In church none ever heard a layman
> With a clearer voice say "amen."
> The choir lament his choral tones,
> The town, so soon. Here lies his bones.
> Sleep on within thy peaceful shrine,
> Till angels wake thee with such notes as thine.

There are two ways from Bakewell to Haddon—by the high road, or through the meadows; but, though the country can be seen well from the road, there can be no doubt that in summer the path through the fields is far preferable, winding, as it does, by the banks of the Wye, which is the perfection of a trout stream, as far as appearances goes, being one series of pools, gentle rapids, small falls, and odd holes and corners, and wonderfully beautiful in its variety, as it twists about round clumps of whitening willows, crossed here and there by ingenious plank-bridges till it reaches the rock on which Haddon Hall is built, and stands one of the noblest piles of architecture, as a Baronial mansion, that is left us from the days of Elizabeth. It has been plentifully described, of course, and at many different times, but has never had anything like adequate justice done to its beauty and interest. It has been painted to death, but painting will not realize its indescribable charm; for it is not one room, or one courtyard, however faithfully and lovingly portrayed, that can ever give that impression of size and exquisite harmony of proportion and colour that must be desired by anyone who has examined it carefully and in quietness. And quietness is the one thing necessary to the perfect enjoyment of Haddon. It may be a wet day, but that doesn't matter; it only shows one phase of its beauty, and by no means the least noble. But to go round the rooms when an excursion party is raging over the place, is hopeless. They crush at the doorway as they do at the entrance to a theatre on boxing-night. Sometimes they bring a band with them, and dance mongrel quadrilles in the courtyard. They sing niggers' melodies and shriek to their friends from the Peveril Tower. They cover the place with biscuits and trampled sandwiches; and, for all intents and purposes, for all interest or understanding they show, they might as well, or better, be in a field or a large barn. It is a great and good thing that so rare a specimen of an old baronial hall should be open to the public, but some rules should be established with regard to admission. No reserve need be made to keep out those who want to see the hall for its own sake, yet surely some means might be devised to protect *them* from the annoyance of a herd of noisy and obstreperous excursionists who are constantly in the hall during the summer months. We have no wish to say anything against excursions, for it is most desirable that people should have opportunities of rushing into the country, if it be but for one day, and enjoying themselves; but Haddon Hall is not the place for them; and, in the way they use it, they must do a great deal of actual damage to the building. If they were shown through the rooms in small detachments, but not allowed to stay and turn the place into a bear-garden, it would be well, for they would see what there is to see, which is all they could expect, and other visitors would not be troubled as they often are at present.

Of the beauties of Haddon it is difficult to write. So much is association, so much actual beauty, that it seems impossible to give even the faintest echo of its charm in mere words. Only by seeing and examining it carefully and minutely can any true idea of its unique beauty and richness in interest and associations be obtained. The old and faded tapestry, the odd angles and corners, and mysterious dark corridors and quaint ornamentations, are all full of suggestions of past days and past history and manners; but the spectator must discover them for himself;

they are only vague dreams at most, and are not to be written.

It is a relief to find that amongst the tales extant about this Hall (which are not many) there is no record that Oliver Cromwell ever attacked it; and it is one of the few old houses in the land in which Queen Mary of Scotland never stayed during her wanderings. That ill-fated but rather tiresome heroine was at Buxton once and at Chatsworth; but Haddon Hall escaped her, which fact is a subject for wonder and congratulation to the Queen-Mary-haunted tourist. There is no ghost story—a sad loss—but instead we have the real, live, and graceful legend of the elopement of the young heiress Dorothy Vernon, on the night of a grand ball, with the heir of the "Manners," and the door through which she escaped is alive to this day to bear witness to the truth of the escapade.

From Haddon to Rowsley the path is still by the river and through fair meadows, till we come to a stone bridge, and from there the way lies on the high road, past a large block of farm-like looking buildings, outside which is a board proclaiming that "Refreshment Rooms and cars are always on hire," or words to that effect. And then we are at Rowsley, and in front of the Peacock—most charming of country hotels, and kept by the most hospitable of landladies.

CITY WAR NOTES.

[By Our Scrambling Reporter.]

ADMIRAL Benbow is cruising with the fleet in the river Irwell, between Barton and Victoria Bridge. The flying squadron is on the Bridgewater Canal. On Tuesday last the admiral laid his barge alongside the pier at Throstle Nest, and bombarded Mr. Alderman Heywood's house with copies of the *Sphinx*. The Alderman sheltered himself behind some rock-work in his wife's garden, and returned the fire with his own and Alderman Rumney's speeches. At night, under cover of the guns, a party of marines landed, and stormed a neighbouring hen-roost. A number of pullets were taken. The garrison made a vigorous sortie, armed with croquet mallets, and compelled the marines to re-embark. The poultry were recaptured. The admiral weighed anchor and steamed down as far as the Pomona Gardens. A tea party was celebrated next day in honour of the victory, and the bell of the Blind Asylum Chapel was tinkled for half an hour.

A number of infernal machines have been laid down in Sir Humphrey de Trafford's plantations. Several cats are missing.

The Emperor Napoleon inspected the kitchen ranges of the camp at the Gloucester, Spring Gardens, on Monday last. The Empress attended divine service at the Cathedral, on Sunday. Baron Cleasby and the High Sheriff were also present. On Tuesday a council of war was held. It was attended by the Emperor, the Prince Imperial, Prince Napoleon (Jerome), the Grand Duchess Schneider of Gerolstein, General Fredericks, and Captain de Boots. Baron Grog was in an adjoining anti-chamber, indulging in his favourite beverage. General Boom and Prince Paul were stationed "in the wight wing." An immediate advance was resolved upon. The artillery opened fire, and a severe cannonading took place in the billiard room. When the game of pyramids began, the Emperor, addressing the troops, said, "Soldiers, a thousand centuries look down upon you!" The whole army then moved forward in *echelon*, and attacked the viands in the refectory. The dishes disappeared in great disorder. The troops then bivouacked. The Grand Duchess "doted on the military," and Captain de Boots brought in "the sabre of her sires." Prince Napoleon (Jerome) inspected a fire engine at the *depôt* in Victoria-street, and took several war risks at the Royal Exchange Insurance Offices, in Bank-street. He partook of a slight repast, with his staff, at the Crosier in the Cathedral yard, and subsequently played bowls with his club at Tattersalls. The camp at the Crosier is salubrious, and the "drains" are highly approved of. The two pretty *vivandieres*, M'dlle Lambkinette and Robinetta, have been very busy supplying the troops with cool and refreshing drinks.

Mr. Phuddles, the army correspondent of the *Red Bank Gazette*, was arrested last week at head-quarters. He was conveyed by a commissionaire to the frontier, and summarily shot—into the back street. He afterwards sought refuge in a thatched house lower down. Wherever he appears the army skedaddles.

The Prussians have struck their tents at Frankfort-on-the-Odour, in Greenheys, and encamped further out on the Didsbury Road. Their lines extend from Fallowfield to Whalley Range. The siege of Quebec will shortly be raised, and the Belle Vue contingent, under the command of Marshal Jennison, will then join the main army of the king. The Belle Vue animals will all take part in the campaign, and a stampede of buffalos will be organized. Marshal Jennison, astride upon his lion, surrounded by his staff, mounted upon elephants, camels, leopards, ostriches, grisly bears, and accompanied by the great seal, will, it is expected, fully compensate for the mitrailleur of the French.

King Charles Calvert has placed his army at the Prince's Theatre on a war footing. The great battle of Bosworth Field will shortly be fought. Immense preparations are being made. Twelve supernumeraries have been engaged to represent the army of King Richard III., and as many more that of Richmond. Mr. P. Rae has been entrusted with a command, and the Rambling Reporter of the *City News* has been placed upon his staff. Horses have already risen in value, in consequence of King Charles's daily energetic offers to give his kingdom for a horse. So assiduous has His Majesty been in his study of the crookbacked tyrant, and he has assumed the scowl of Richard with so much success, that Mrs. C. has been obliged to remonstrate, because it frightened the children.

Fortifications have been thrown up in George Street this week. Communications are cut off, and all traffic suspended. Several skirmishes have taken place in Angel Meadow, and in Greengate and Chapel Street, Salford. The police were nowhere.

A profound sensation was created last week by the discovery of a secret projected treaty between Count Bis Statter and M. Archyhairy Summertop, of Stand. The nefarious scheme included the partition of Besses-o'-th'-Barn by M. Summertop, for which the Count was to be recompensed by the annexation of Radcliffe. A coalition was then to take place, and Manchester was to be invaded by both armies, while the French fleet attacked Salford by way of Agecroft Bridge and the Crescent. The draft of the treaty is said to be in the hand-writing of M. Le Bœuf, the French wrestler. This country offered her services in the way of arbitration, through the medium of the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. His statistics frightened both powers into fits, and his mediation was rejected. Subsequently Lord Derby came over by telegraph, and put the pressure on the Count. It is now arranged that their differences are to be settled by a friendly game at cribbage, at which they are both adepts. After effecting a settlement, Lord Derby returned by telegraph to Knowsley, to spend the honeymoon.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE WAR EPIDEMIC.

WE were in hopes that the eruption of war-maps which has lately broken out over the country might be confined to stationers and booksellers' shop windows, but it has extended to the press, and one can't buy a newspaper without discovering that, will one, nill one, one has bought a map. This is one of the uncomfortable consequences of war. One begins to feel towards these omnipresent maps as one feels towards that grinning portrait of the Jolly Nash which meets one's eyes at every turn, with its inane, monotonous hilarity. However, war has counterpart conveniences; and one of them is the despatch to the continent of Azamat-Batuk, the inveterate correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That journal has done a very clever thing in thus adroitly getting rid of its incumbent Turk. He has gone off, very much satisfied with himself—after his usual fashion—and very much flattered with his mission. He has already very nearly got himself arrested as a spy, and will, we dare say, ultimately get shot. We apprehend that when the news of his untimely fate reaches the ears of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, although its public indignation may be great, its secret satisfaction will be greater.

MR. COMPTON AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

Mr. Compton again showed his funny face in Manchester before a good house, at the Prince's Theatre, on Monday last. It is significant

of the esteem in which this gentleman is held in this town, that, for all the sultry weather, his sole efforts were rewarded with a larger audience than assembled at the Theatre Royal to receive the company combined from which he has seceded. The new play by Mr. Tom Taylor, which is advertised as in preparation, is held over for the present, while the local public have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Compton in a few of his favourite impersonations. *Paul Pry*, in which he appeared last Monday, is a character well known to us through Mr. Toole, and it would be as difficult as invidious to determine which of them renders it the more amusing. Those of our readers who have not yet had an opportunity of seeing him, may very well imagine with what drollery Mr. Compton's nose comes poking everywhere it is the least expected and desired—though it is invariably as gladly welcomed by the audience as it is indignantly resented by the characters upon the scene. For *Paul Pry*, as a play, is rather wearisome, belonging to a school of pure conventionality. The irascible stage father, forcing on his daughter a husband she has never seen, the pert attendant, and the lively sailor lover, are too well-known personages to excite a very lively interest. But Paul Pry himself atones for them, and they were very creditably played by members of the Prince's company. The exit of the daughter, waiting-maid, and lover, in the second act, taunting "Mr. Pry," was very well performed indeed; and, like most really good effects, was heartily appreciated by the audience. Mr. Compton's welcome was as warm as could be wished. His "hope I don't intrude" was amply satisfied; and if the weather could only be prevailed upon to moderate its transports, crowded houses might be reckoned on throughout his stay. We must remind our readers that he will not be before them for a year, as was at first intended, so they must see him while they can. Familiarity will not be suffered to breed disregard.

DRAMATIC PROSPECTS: ITINERANT PLAYERS.

Ten of the London theatres are closed. For any good they are doing financially, the remaining ten or twelve might as well follow the example—the Prince of Wales's and the Queen's, perhaps, excepted. In Paris, before the declaration of war, the receipts at the five leading theatres averaged about £15 a night each; and it is believed the London houses have been and are in no better position. Mr. Buckstone ascribed the scanty attendances at the Theatre Royal, during the Haymarket Company's stay in Manchester, to the combined effects of the heat, the war panic, and the state of trade. It is just possible, however, that the lack of interest was due to causes having a wider range, and is indicative either of a declining taste for the drama, or, as is more probable, a distaste for the policy recently adopted by theatrical managers. To one singular feature of the year, the enormous growth of the itinerant company system, we have more than once directed attention; and the closing of the London theatres to such an unusual extent is likely, we fear, to give it a still further development. The country at this moment is literally overrun with these wandering players, yet we have by no means seen the worst. Another horde is preparing to descend upon the unfortunate "provinces." Mr. Charles Reade has organized a company for the production of his dramatized novels; companies from the Holborn and Grecian theatres in London are about to perambulate Great Britain with their respective plays, *Behind the Curtain* and *Clam;* Mr. J. C. Cowper is at the head of another troupe, which will appear in Manchester, his native city, during the present month. Mr. Joseph Eldred is manœuvring about the country with no fewer than four companies, one of which recently appeared in *Little Em'ly* at our Prince's Theatre. Old playgoers used to talk of the starring system as injurious to the drama. But it was not half so bad as this new vagrant movement, which has already become a detestable nuisance, and which, if permitted to continue, will go far to demoralize and ultimately ruin the theatrical profession in England.

AN ACTIVE MAGISTRATE.

"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour!" cries Dr. Watts, with his accustomed excellent morality. But the energetic performances of that celebrated little bee are quite eclipsed by those of the equally celebrated Mr. W. H. Higgin, Q.C., chairman of the Salford Hundred magistrates. Not content with showing up at the assizes, and transacting all his business there, this indefatigable gentleman found time, last Monday—if the *Guardian* is to be believed—and who could doubt that unimpeachable authority?—to be present at the Salford Town Hall, and both prosecute and judge a little boy for stealing gooseberries out of his own garden. It is said that Cæsar could do three things at one time—read, write, and dictate. Mr. Higgin, it seems, can do four, viz., own a garden from which gooseberries are stolen, be a witness to a small boy stealing them, proceed against him, and adjudicate upon him, all at once. This is as nearly being in two places at one time as mortal can be. We shall soon be hearing of this active magistrate purloining his own fruit, arresting himself, prosecuting himself, bearing witness against himself, sentencing himself, and paying himself back the value of his own fruit. Although we think, with fear and trembling, that the *Guardian* must be mistaken in supposing Mr. Higgin acted as the judge in his own case, we have no doubt he brought up the offender. If other people would occasionally have the public spirit to proceed against offenders whose offences they are witness to, the commonwealth would benefit by their self-sacrifice; but in this case we cannot help th nking that the little boy might have been let alone; for stealing gooseberries is one of those crimes which carry their punishment along with them. Thus, if the gooseberries of Mr. Higgin are like gooseberries in general, and that little boy had eaten them, what a stomach ache he would have had!

THE FRENCH AND THE GERMANS.

I.—THE FRENCH.

AT a time like the present, when the two most powerful nations in Europe are measuring themselves in mortal combat, the awe-stricken spectator can do nothing but silently take sides, and sadly calculate the terrible chances of each. The generalship of one side is set against the discipline of the other; the chassepot is compared with the needle-gun; the iron-clads of France are weighed against the numerical superiority of Germany. But in all these calculations the more recondite, and perhaps the more important elements of ultimate success, are generally forgotten. It is generally forgotten that there are other foes to contend against besides the enemy; that there are assailants within the camp as dangerous as those without; that there are possible adversaries in every knapsack as formidable as those who stand openly in front. A man may bravely bear the heat and the excitement of a pitched battle who succumbs to the accumulated little hardships and sufferings of the march and the camp; a soldier may nurse a vague but delicious thirst for glory until the moment when his boots begin to pinch. A great and exhaustive struggle like the present is not like a duel to the death between two men, in which one must, sooner or later, succumb to the other. Neither France nor Germany can ever be killed. It is rather like a fight between two giants in which no mortal weapon is used, and in which, therefore, endurance and spirit count for more than the consequence of any one particular blow.

Therefore, although the material superiority of either side may award to that side the first success, if the quarrel is to be fought out to the last, moral, and not material, superiority must decide the issue. The temporary victories of mere strength are imposing, but all creation is a a protest against the idea that Providence is always on the side of the strongest battalions. For this reason, we think that in an estimate of the relative forces of France and Germany there are statistics more valuable than those which relate to the size of the guns and the number of the regiments, namely, so to speak, the moral statistics of national character. Let us, then, endeavour in our minds to oppose these two characters, and to imagine the moral forces only contending for victory. And at the outset it is as well to remark that the greater approximation of the Teutonic character to our own perhaps unduly prejudices us in favour of the Germans.

One of the best evidences of vigour and originality is that rare power of being able to arrive at a novel and yet a true estimate of a very familiar object. For instance, you may have been in the habit of passing All Saints' Church every day for years, when, one fine morning, a friend stops you in front of it and asks you what you think of its architecture. You are utterly confounded by the question, and quite unable to feel any opinion about it. To you it is All Saints', and all that you can think of is that the omnibus usually stops at the corner. In this way an object may be familiar to the senses without being at all familiar to the inner

mind. The idea of a Frenchman is familiar to all of us, until we try to realize his distinct personality, and then he seems to vanish before the eyes in a little cloud of popular epithets, which we have been accustomed, thoughtlessly, to apply to him. It is more difficult to get rid of prejudices than to acquire ripe views. It is immensely difficult to forget much of the stupid teaching of our childhood. The traditional animosity which exists, although hidden, between England and France, has acted, and still acts, very unfavourably against our knowledge of each other. Travel and Free Trade are the best remedies for national prejudice. Travel and Free Trade may do much, but every true Briton carries in his breast the profound conviction that all Frenchmen are frogs, and that they live upon dancing masters. So much for early education.

It is a common but an almost unavoidable error to form our ideas of Frenchmen from the Parisians. The truth is, that there is no nation which contains a greater variety of character, and almost of temperament, than France. But what is termed the centralisation system has been carried so far, that it is only in the capital of this immense empire that any national pulse can be felt, and that any national mind can be heard. It has been said in reference to the present war, that if the Germans get to Paris it means the conquest of France, whereas if the French get to Berlin it means nothing at all. This is a very happy observation, and just expresses the weak point of the centralisation principle, which renders Paris so important that the entire country hangs upon the fate of one city. In England a handful of enlightened Reformers can disturb the peace of London, and the people in the provinces read about it the next morning, and wonder why people bother about Reform Bills in London, where there are so many sights to see. Or else the Londoners read of a Fenian riot in the country, and it interests them no more than the usual telegrams from the South American Republics announcing that a president has been shot, and a provisional committee has been formed, before breakfast. On the other hand, a republican demonstration in Paris inflames all the rest of France, while no provincial movement is important which is not inspired by the capital. Hence we see that, although the Parisians may be only one type of many types of Frenchmen, he is the only one of whom we have sufficient information to form an opinion. The Parisian is the Frenchman who speaks to us through his journals, and who shouts to us from his Boulevards, whenever a public question arises which demands calm consideration.

The French middle-class is composed of the shop keepers, the small merchants, and the innumerable body of *petit rentiers:* men who live upon the interest of their money, preferring often a very modest income and a lazy life to the profits and anxieties of trade. Now, this middle-class man resembles his fellow creatures all over the world, in being governed entirely by motives of self-interest. He is intensely conservative, not in the sense of preferring one form of government to another, but in being steadily averse to change. If a Bonaparte scrambles to the throne, he becomes a Conservative Bonapartist; if a Republic clutches the reins, he becomes a Conservative Republican; and when a revolution sets in, no doubt if it gave him time, he would become a Conservative fire-brand. He does not much care how he is governed as long as his property is not made the subject of political demonstrations. It is a common mistake to suppose that the middle-class Frenchman, the real strength of the country, is the excitable individual whom we hear of singing the Marseillaise, cheering the Emperor, cheering Rochefort, and converting every accidentally overturned vehicle into a barricade. These men are either students and idlers, who do it for fun and excitement, or else they are working men, who are in earnest. All French working men are consistent Republicans, and having nothing to lose by change they are the only class whom a ruler has to fear. The middle-class Frenchman, no matter what his predilections may be, always suppresses them in favour of the existing order of things; and in this respect he is very different and very inferior to the middle-class Englishman. As a rule he is well educated, and all the best intelligence of the country belongs to his ranks. In England, through the agency of the costly universities, the upper-classes get all the highest educations. But in France the schools and colleges are democratic, and as it is only through his intelligence that the middle-class Frenchman can make a career, he has stronger motives than the wealthy and the noble to make the most of his advarages.

One of the best characteristics of the Frenchman is his genuine democratic sentiment. In America an aristocracy of wealth, almost as potent as our aristocracy of titles, governs society. But in France the people are naturally and gracefully democratic, and no degrading obsequiousness marks the bearing of one class towards another. The one trait which, above all, distinguishes the Frenchman is his extraordinary vivacity of mind, which shews itself at a very early age, and makes the French child the most amusing and the most detestable little being in the world. Almost in the cradle the French infant has opinions upon every subject, and he never leaves a single one unuttered. He is generally an only son, with perhaps one small belligerent sister, and he is spoiled, like only sons usually are, into an impudent, selfish, wilful little imp. He goes to boarding school while he is still a child, and there he meets, side by side, the son of his father's best customer, and the offspring of his mother's *blanchiseuse.* He may at first rebel against this fraternity, but he gets used to it, and it has a really excellent effect upon his character. It imparts to him that easy equality of manner which so favourably distinguishes him. If he is a clever lad, and his parents can afford it, he is kept at school until he has passed the various examinations which gain him the admission to a public school. Supposing him to be successful, he has ultimately the refusal of a commission in the army, or an appointment as engineer. In this way the very humblest classes may rise, by talent, into the most esteemed of the professions.

This, then, is the French middle-class, whose interests are closely identified with the public order and the conciliation of any firmly established government. It is a middle-class more naturally gifted, perhaps, than ours, but very inferior to ours in public spirit, in the security of its wealth, and in that independence and political honesty which can only come of political freedom. It will be seen, then, that it is not the voice of the great middle-class which is heard in times of war and revolution. From the quickness and the turbulence with which the idlers of the Boulevards respond to public events, foreigners get the idea that the French are very public-spirited. The fact is that there is no such thing as public spirit in the French middle-class. It is crushed and extinguished by the strong hand of a military government. The shopkeeper is trembling behind his counter, while the adventurer out of doors is crying up or crying down the government, and if he is compelled to cry too, he cries with the biggest crowd. In England, a war or a political agitation which is not initiated by the middle classes, is either contemptuously allowed to die out, like the Chartists' riots, or else it is crushed with a strong arm, as the Cavaliers were. In France the timid middle-class dares not express itself, but clings to its petty temporary interests, and is swayed by forces which, if it had the courage, it could annihilate.

It is, then, to the majority, not in point of intelligence and wealth, but merely in point of numbers, that we must look for that active and inflammable element in the French nation which fights for ideas abroad and for sentiments at home. This majority must be divided, very distinctly, into its two elements,—the working-man and the agriculturalist. The French working-man is, in some respects, a very model of a working-man. He is quick, intelligent, sober, and public-spirited. His chief amusement is revolution, and he is also acquiring a taste for strikes. He reads the newspapers, and is in a perpetual state of opposition to the government. His general dissatisfaction is kept alive by being continually suppressed, and in the midst of all his troubles with his master he walks about gaily, feeling a future revolution in his bosom. He loves himself dearly, and, next to himself, he loves all Frenchmen. But he is not patriotic in the sense that the Germans are. He does not love the soil. His patriotism is a mild flirtation with France, relieved by revolutionary lovers' quarrels. He is not vindictive; and when the Army does not take liberties with him and his barricades, he has a great admiration for it, and he likes to read of its glorious victories over a handful of Mexican brigands, a mob of Italian enthusiasts, or a flight of innocent Arabs.

The French agriculturalist is a very different individual. As an agriculturalist he has the advantage over our sluggish labourers in his hot, southern, energetic nature. But his natural wits are not awakened, as the working man's are, by the city and the workshop, and he is still under the influence of a priesthood, whose power over him can only last as long as his ignorance lasts. At the present day he is intensely narrow-minded and illiterate, but still he is not brutal. He does not take part in revolutions; he accepts his destiny; he fears, if he does not love, the Church; and he is of absolutely no account in an estimate of

the French spirit. It is from this vast but powerless population that the Army is recruited. At the age of eighteen he is taken from the plough, and lodged in a barrack. Whatever his feeling may be on being torn from his sweetheart and from his home, he must be supposed to become soon reconciled to the stern necessities of his new position. A man's character and tastes are inevitably formed by his early life, and, as it is only when he leaves the sleepy village to become an active soldier that his life can be said to begin, it is certain that he very soon becomes animated with the martial spirit. By martial spirit, we mean his entire surrender to the prevailing discipline, so that his whole aim in life becomes the success of his arms and the corresponding esteem of his countrymen. At the end of the seven years which he is obliged to serve, he has become quite unfitted for any other profession, and so he remains in the army all his life, to the great advantage of the general efficiency. Although in such a large army there must be a certain amount of disaffection, especially in times of peace, still the present French army is loyal enough, and will fight for ever as long as it wins.

Here, then, we behold the French nation grouped into four divisions :—

1.—The timid and selfish middle-class.

2.—The noisy and irresponsible working-man.

3.—The illiterate and uncomplaining agriculturalist.

4.—The brave and volatile soldier.

Next week we shall endeavour to compare the moral forces of this divided nation with the moral forces of the more complex but more patriotic Germans.

NOTES FROM THE ISLE OF MAN.

DOUGLAS.

ON landing on the Isle of Man, the first thing which strikes a visitor is not so much the novelty of the scenery, or the peculiar aspect of the country, as the extent to which the touting system is carried. It meets you the moment the steamer anchors in the Bay, when boats of all descriptions—hotel boats, lodging-house boats, and private boats—swarm around the vessel, keeping the shipping company's yawls off as long as they dare, and picking up as many odd passengers as they can induce to pay for the privilege of being rowed on shore ; it lies in wait for you at the landing-place, where a horde of porters, sufficient, one would think, to carry the steamer itself, if it could be got near enough, fight over your luggage, and are so persistent in their efforts that you are glad to come to terms with them ; it breaks out in perfect luxuriance on the pier as you pass along a double line of men and women, every one of whom comes provided with a card, on which their name, address, and charge for lodgings is inscribed ; and it culminates amongst the car-drivers, whose loudly-proffered services, by the way, will frequently be found very useful in getting out of the road. "Touting" is undoubtedly carried on in the Isle of Man in a manner almost as discreditable and annoying as that encountered in some of the Continental towns ; and if the authorities have any regard for the good name of their island and the comfort of their visitors, they will sweep it away as they would any other nuisance. It is but right to say that, so far as our experience goes, "touting" exists on Douglas pier only, and nowhere else. As soon as you get beyond the car-drivers, the forlorn-hope of the system, you are as free and unfettered as at an English watering-place, and probably will forget all about it unless you stroll towards the pier about the hour the steamers arrive—the great event of the day in Douglas—and find it flourishing as prominently as ever.

Douglas—the largest and most important, although not the capital town of the island—will be found to constitute excellent head-quarters. It is the port from which the Liverpool and Barrow steamers arrive and depart every day ; it has a large number of good hotels and lodging-houses ; and omnibuses and cars run from the market-place to all parts of the island. The sands, besides affording capital promenade ground, are excellent for bathing purposes ; and the sea prospect is probably unrivalled. Indeed, one great charm connected with travelling on the island is that you seldom lose sight of the sea, and never get beyond the influence of its freshing breezes. Although you dive into some of its romantic valleys, and get surrounded on all sides by hills, there is pretty sure to be some loop-hole, some cleft in the rocks through which the green waters are visible. And green and clear they certainly are. In Douglas Bay, although the depth of water is considerable, the bottom of the harbour, covered with vegetation of the most beautiful description, is never lost sight of ; and few more enjoyable pursuits for those interested in "common objects by the sea-shore" could be found than that which is here provided. But the stout character of the boats which ply for service in the bay, and their perfect safety in fine weather, induce others than young botanists to seek pleasure amongst these limpid waters. From early morning to sunset a perfect flotilla of the little craft shoot in and out from the shore, filled with merry light-hearted parties, whose laughter is carried gaily to land, and still further enlivens the already brilliant scene. Douglas consists of an old and a new town—the former being very much like other old seaport towns—as to its streets, narrow, and as to its general character, rather dirty ; and the latter containing many fine terraces facing the bay several handsome hotels, including the Castle Mona, and a promenade pier. Like the Hebrides, the island is for the most part destitute of wood ; and it is only very occasionally that those fine clumps of trees which form so striking an element in English scenery are to be met with.

PORT ERIN AND THE CALF OF MAN.

Whatever other parts of the island may be neglected, the Calf of Man certainly merits a special visit. From Douglas the most pleasant way of reaching it is by public conveyance to Castletown and private car to Port Erin ; but the sea route is preferable, if the occasional steamers are available. In passing through Castletown, the capital of the island, an opportunity should be taken of visiting Castle Rushin, the place of which Waldron speaks as one of the most dreadful prisons that imagination can form—"the sea runs under it through the hollows of the rock with such a continual roar that you would think it were every moment breaking in upon you." Port Erin, from which the green hills of the Emerald Isle can clearly be seen, is a gem in its way ; although some well-disposed persons are doing the best they can to spoil its appearance by the erection of a breakwater—regarding the usefulness of which many contrary opinions are expressed. Whether it will, however, as its originators state, make Port Erin one of the safest and most sheltered harbours on the island, or whether it will turn out, as others predict, of little or no service, the works are being at present carried on with great vigour—the object being to complete them before the west winds, which rage so furiously in the Irish Channel during the winter months, can in one night, as they have done before, destroy the labour of months. The breakwater is being constructed of a rubble mound, the materials of which are tipped from a staging by a method similar to that adopted at Portland ; and will be protected from the action of the sea by great slabs of concrete, each weighing some seventeen tons. These stones are not built as a wall of masonry, but are dropped into the sea in a manner similar to those at Port Said at the Mediterranean entrance to the Suez Canal. Like many other parts of the island, Port Erin abounds with fairy stones, fairy hills, wells, the waters of which have peculiar virtues ; and, indeed, it is considered the proper thing to visit all these before proceeding to the Calf of Man. When Oberon and Titania, however, have been satisfied, it is quite allowable to call in the service of more substantial spirits in the shape of a couple of boatmen. The Calf is divided from the island by a sound, the crossing of which is in stormy weather particularly dangerous ; and on the small island, in the centre of which, called Kitterland, some dreadful wrecks have taken place. No difficulty is experienced in landing on the Calf, when a natural harbour exists, and a very pleasant hour may be spent in climbing the hill and visiting the two lighthouses which are built on the western cliffs. To warn vessels against the Chicken Rocks, distant about a mile from the island, is the object of these pharos : and it is said to be the intention of the Northern Light Commissioners to achieve that purpose still more certainly by erecting a lighthouse on these fatal rocks themselves. Workmen are at present engaged on the preliminary steps ; their operations being necessarily conducted at low water only. With the exception of the pharos, two farm-houses are the sole habitations on the Calf—which is a bleak-looking island, and is said to produce very little else than rabbits—thousands of which are bagged every year and sent to the Liverpool market. If time permits, the boatmen will pull visitors round the bold cliff of Bradda Head to the Lead Mines, the shafts of which descend

sixty fathoms below the ocean; and in returning will give them an opportunity of viewing some precipitous scaurs of the most singular formation, three or four hundred feet in height. Another favourite excursion from Port Erin—by land, however—is that to the pretty hamlet of Cregh-'n-eash—the inhabitants of which are said to be so exclusive as to marry entirely into each other's families, and to keep only each other's company; to the Twelve Chasms, so deep that their bottoms have never yet been reached or sounded; and to the Spanish Head, where the vessels of the Armada are said to have been wrecked.

NEWSPAPER CLEANSING IN MANCHESTER.

IT is now nearly a month since we directed attention to the impurities to be found in the advertising columns of some of the Manchester papers, and we deeply regret to say that the journals referred to have not yet thought it their duty to follow the example of their London contemporaries, and exclude the objectionable announcements from their pages. We therefore feel at liberty to quote the remarks of the *Saturday Review* upon the subject, and to give them a wider local circulation than they have probably previously obtained.

Bad as the London press has been, it says, the metropolitan corruption is not so complete as that of the provincial press. Where one advertisement of a dirty book or a dirty quack appears once in a London newspaper, five or six such advertisements appear in a country newspaper. Driven out of London, these pests will be still more widely fatal in the country.

Take the city of Manchester, for example. Manchester sets up for being a very exceptional place, and assumes a lofty bearing. Manchester social science and Manchester education holds out the light, at least according to Manchester's estimate of itself, to all England. Some time ago, in deference to the appeals of the *Lancet*, the *Manchester Guardian* discontinued the insertion of foul books and quack doctors. So far so good; but the *Manchester Guardian* inserts by the dozen, as do most, if not all, the other Manchester papers, betting advertisements. We have counted eleven announcements of tipsters and prophets in a single number of the *Guardian*. Bad as all this is, and strange as is the countenance given by the newspaper press of Manchester to these particular immoralities, much worse is the assistance given by Manchester to the blackguards of a still dirtier calling who have been driven out of the London newspapers. Here is the *Manchester Examiner* of June 14, which we happen to have before us. It is scarcely necessary to advert to the high character in other respects of the *Manchester Examiner* (daily). It is one of the few provincial papers which have established a national name and reputation; its opinions on politics command general respect, and it is considered, and rightly considered, the organ of an influential and high-principled school of thought. But it contains in one infamous and scandalous bouquet of profligacy and indecency, filling nearly half a column, no less than twelve separate advertisements of quacks, quack pills and medicines, each and all of which are of that character and tendency which we have so often reprobated, and which there is no occasion to specify more particularly. Again, the *Manchester Courier* (daily), of June 20, contains nine of these same advertisements; and the *Manchester City News* (weekly), of July 2, contains seven, some of them being from the most notorious London quacks, who have been for years denounced and exposed in the Metropolis, and who are not allowed to advertise in a single London daily paper. Let Manchester look to it; its character is certainly seriously compromised.

And what is true of the Manchester press is, we fear, true of most provincial and local newspapers. We never take one up without meeting with these offences against public morality. The remedy is not perhaps easy, but it is within the reach of local public opinion. The provincial press is open to direct and personal remonstrances to a degree to which the London press is not amenable. The *Eatanswill Gazette* can be starved, if it cannot be reasoned, into decency and propriety. Let decent folks in the country towns make their influence felt by local editors and local press-proprietors. As they are open to interested and selfish influences in one direction, so let the screw be applied in the other. Sordid gains must be confronted by a sordid retaliation. If the proprietors will continue to insert dirty advertisements, let all concerned know that they do it at the loss both of circulation and of other and inoffensive advertisements. Local newspapers can understand this, if they will not understand higher appeals.

The fact that six men were brought before Mr. Headlam, the stipendiary magistrate, on Tuesday last, charged with distributing indecent handbills—most of which were advertisements of the very men who advertise in the *Manchester Examiner* and *Courier*—adds force to the indignant commentary of the *Saturday Review*. And it is still more noteworthy that one of the counsel for the men actually cited the example of the Manchester daily papers as a valid reason why the charge should be dismissed. The greatest credit is due to the Manchester Watch Committee and Captain Palin for the energy they are displaying in the suppression of a detestable nuisance; and we only wish they could bring their power to bear upon those parties, who, to use Carlyle's words, claim to be "the best possible instructors of the people."

THE ATHLETIC MANIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

DEAR SIR,—From your interest in all matters Athletic, you will, no doubt, be pleased to hear of the latest Manchester Club. An association for mutual presentation of cups and gold medals to members has been formed, and the first field-day will shortly be announced. Its object is simple but laudable. It is now quite fashionable to have cups and medals and to talk athletic slang. It is also quite fashionable for young men to bask in the sun, and the ladies' eyes, on a summer's afternoon, in a costume of thin gaudy silk, which displays their figure as generously and picturesquely as any burlesque actress's or ballet girl's on the stage. To gratify both these athletic cravings is the aim of the new club. Nothing but silver cups and gold medals will be awarded. But their size, design, and intrinsic value will almost entirely depend on the winner and competitors. If any member can prevail on a liberal friend or fond relative to offer a cup or gold medal to be run for, or if he can induce a sufficient number of comrades to pay a good large entrance fee, of say a sov., the club will supplement it from the common fund, and the intended winner will be handicapped so as only to win after a close and exciting finish. Or he may, if rich enough, present the cup himself. The advantages of such a club and system are many. There will be now no need for monied youths to have silver or bronze medals gilt. Training, hard work, self-denial, and such antiquated nonsense will be rendered quite unnecessary. Of course, no times of races or records of events will be kept, and, if they are, stop-watches and tapes can always be depended on to be wrong—as at present. Besides it is not likely that any member, however untrained, will ever do anything so bad as a mile in 6 minutes 13 seconds, or 15 feet only in a broad jump. There will be so many handicap races that the most corpulent, the lamest, the most consumptive will not be debarred by mere physical disabilities from taking a prize. I claim that this club will confer a boon on society in its present state, by bringing the highest athletic rewards within reach of the lowest physical capacity—when it can afford them.—I remain, dear *Sphinx*, yours,

FAIR PLAY AND NO FAVOUR.

THE NEW ROUTE TO SCARBOROUGH.—The most popular of the Yorkshire watering-places has at length been brought within an easy distance from Manchester by rail. At noon, on Monday last, a train on the Manchester and Sheffield Company's line, by taking the new route through Barnsley and York (which was opened on that day), accomplished the distance in three hours and three quarters. The train will run daily throughout the season, and will practically place a new sea-side resort within the reach of the people of Lancashire.

The *Journal of Philology* has adopted Vergil in place of Virgil, as the true orthography of the name.

Agent for this splendid Cigar. Samples, 4½d. and 6d. each.

The Jewel Sewing Machine, £5 10s. European Sewing Machine, 6½ Guineas. 128, Portland St.

Agent for this splendid Cigar. Samples, 4½d. and 6d. each.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY
AT
MATLOCK.

EVERY SATURDAY until OCTOBER 29th, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low Fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to MATLOCK BATH, by the Midland Company's route, by any of the Ordinary Trains on Saturday, available for Return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

STATIONS.	FARES. 1st Class.	2nd Class
	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER	9 6	7 0
GUIDE BRIDGE	9 0	6 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale Station)	8 6	6 0

In Manchester, Tickets will be issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, May 21, 1870. General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY.
AT
BUXTON.

EVERY SATURDAY until OCTOBER 29th, 1870, RETURN TICKETS at the following low Fares will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for Return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER	6 0	4 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale)	5 0	3 0
STALYBRIDGE	5 0	3 6
GUIDE BRIDGE	5 0	3 6

In MANCHESTER, Tickets are issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly, and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, June, 1870. General Manager.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, and LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.—NEW ROUTE to YORK, SCARBOROUGH, LEEDS, AND THE NORTH-EASTERN SYSTEM.

Commencing on Monday, 1st August, a THOROUGH SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS will be established between Manchester (London-road station) and the undermentioned stations, via Barnsley:—

UP.	a.m.	noon.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester (London-road station).....dep.	9 0	12 0	3 50	6 25
Leeds (Wellington st)arr.	11 15	1 50	5 40	9 45
York ..... ,,	12 45	2 15	6 40	10 10
Scarborough ..... ,,	—	3 45	9 0	—
Whitby ..... ,,	—	5 15	9 45	—
Filey ..... ,,	—	5 5	—	—
Darlington ..... ,,	—	3 27	8 50	11 28
Redcar ..... ,,	—	4 55	9 53	—
Durham ..... ,,	—	4 20	10 17	12 10
Newcastle ..... ,,	—	4 35	10 50	12 35
Berwick ..... ,,	—	6 55	—	4 30
Edinburgh ..... ,,	—	8 30	—	6 5
DOWN.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Edinburgh .....dep.	—	—	10 20	—
Berwick ..... ,,	—	—	11 55	—
Newcastle ..... ,,	—	8 30	1 50	2 30
Durham ..... ,,	—	8 50	2 0	2 45
Redcar ..... ,,	—	8 55	1 55	—
Darlington ..... ,,	—	10 5	2 55	4 10
Filey ..... ,,	—	8 52	1 30	2 57
Whitby ..... ,,	—	8 25	1 0	3 35
Scarborough ..... ,,	—	10 10	2 40	4 30
York ..... ,,	7 5	11 45	4 20	7 0
Leeds (Wellington st.) ,,	8 35	12 30	4 55	7 40
Manchester (London-road station) .....arr.	10 40	2 15	6 35	10 10

Through carriages will run between Manchester, York, and Scarborough by the trains leaving Manchester at 12 noon and 3-50 p.m., and arriving in Manchester at 2-15 p.m. and 6-35 p.m. Tourists' tickets to Scotland and the Yorkshire watering places will be issued by this route. Parcels intended to be sent by this route should be addressed via Barnsley. The fares will in no case exceed those charged by any other route. R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London-road Station, Manchester, July 29, 1870.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Proprietors—The Prince's Theatre Co. Limited.

Last Week but Two of
MR. COMPTON.

Reappearance of MRS. CHARLES CALVERT.

First Appearance in Manchester of MR. F. BELTON.

Every Evening, at Half-past Seven.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Dogberry .....MR. COMPTON.
Benedick .....MR. F. BELTON.
Beatrice .....MRS. CHARLES CALVERT.

Concluding with FAMILY JARS.

Dolph .....MR. COMPTON

Box Office open daily from Eleven to Two.

EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

Last Six Nights of
MADAME BEATRICE, with her
LONDON "FROU-FROU" COMPANY,
which includes the Artistes who originally appeared in the English version of this most successful Drama.

Each Evening will be represented the Celebrated COMEDY-DRAMA, in Five Acts, entitled,

FROU-FROU;
OR FASHION AND PASSION.

Adapted from the French by Messrs. Meilhac and Halevy, by Benjamin Webster, Jun.

The Translation originally produced in England.

Brigard .. .. Mr. Horace Wigan
(The original Brigard in England.)
Henri de Sartorys .. .. Mr. Henry Sinclair
(The original Sartorys in England.)
Count Paul de Valreas .. .. Mr. Frank Harvey
Baron de Cambri .. .. .. Mr. W. Wenman
Piton (a Prompter) .. .. .. Mr. Andrews
George de Sartorys (a child four years old—Miss Taylor
Jean .. .. Mr Henry Bennett
Gilberte .. .. Madlle. Beatrice
(The original Frou-Frou in England.)
Louise .. .. Miss Sophie Young
Baroness de Cambri .. Miss Agnes Markham
Pauline .. .. Miss Hilda Temple
(The original Pauline in England)
Governess .. .. Mr. Parker

Act 1—Aut Charmerettes—The Chateau in Brigard
(An interval of five years between the 1st & 2nd Acts)
Acts 2 and 3—Frou-Frou's Boudoir in Paris
Act 4—The Hall in the Barberini Palace, at Venice, opening on the Grand Canal
Act 5—Frou-Frou's Boudoir

THE DRESSES BY WORTH, GAGELIN, AND HUGUET OF PARIS, after which, a New and Original Operetta, entitled,

LOST AND FOUND.

Composed and brought out under the special superintendence of VIRGINIA GABRIEL. The words by GEORGE MARCH.

Baron, Mr. H. Bennett; Leonard, Mr. D. Loredan (of the Theatre Imperial Lyrique, his first appearance in England); Jean Pierre, Mr. T. N. Wenman; Madelina, Miss d'Este.

The Stage direction of this company will be under the supervision of Mr. HORACE WIGAN.

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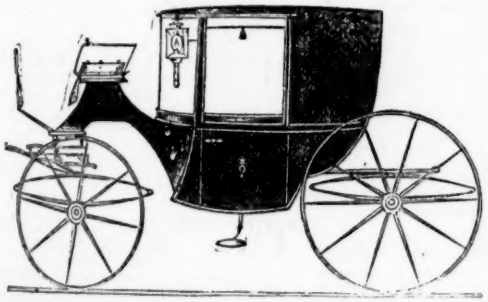

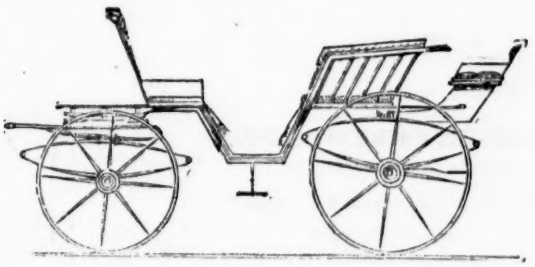

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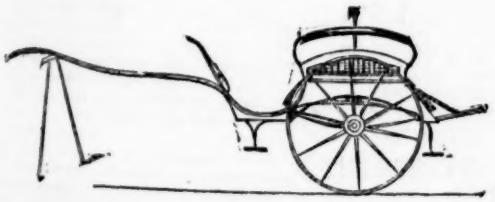

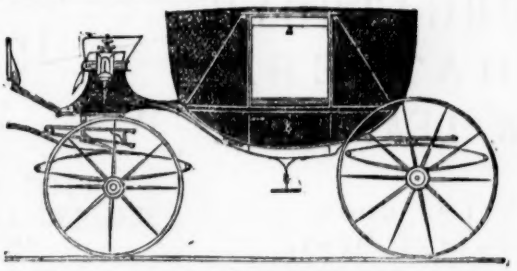

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